

Never in her life had Eshe been as anxious as she felt right now standing in the foyer of the Ayele family home. Even when she was out on the race track, competing against other professional runners known around the world, Eshe's heart hadn't thumped as hard as it did now. A fiery heat seemed to consume her mind, every breath sending cold shivers down her spine. The extravagant, expensive, African furniture and decorations which had once made her feel comforted and relaxed, now filled her up with nervousness. The very pictures of herself at award ceremonies and races that were displayed throughout the entrance cabinet and shelves gave Eshe an incredible sensation of alienation. How could such an incredible athlete have been reduced to such a pitiful state?

The answer was simple. Today... Eshe was presenting her *first* boyfriend to her family.

Eshe's hands tightened around Jeremy's, who stood behind her with a blissful, unbothered smile. As Eshe turned her face towards him, she felt her expression soften with big sigh. Oh Jeremy... Sweet, innocent Jeremy. The boy who had somehow managed to ensnare her heart. An adorable man whose head barely reached Eshe's shoulders, with bushy, ruffled brown hair that covered most of his face. He was the picturesque definition of an adorable woodland creature, the kind you'd want to hug and cuddle with all night long. Just looking at his cute face was enough to somewhat set Eshe's mind at ease... Which was part of the reason why she felt so nervous now.

In truth, there was nothing *outright wrong* with Jeremy. He was successfully self-employed, working independently from home. The man was very kind and considerate towards others. The only real problem with him was... Well... And there's really no other way to put this... Jeremy was a shrimpy, skinny, American white boy, and Eshe came from a strict, traditional African family. While Jeremy looked like the nerd archetype they would bully and stick in lockers within American sitcoms, Eshe was a successful, popular and strong African American athlete. They were as far apart as people as you could possibly get, and many would even say Eshe was far out of Jeremy's league.

Which is why Eshe felt so troubled about her love for Jeremy, dreading the way her parents would react to him. How many times had her mother insisted Eshe not even approach boys and focus on her sports career? How many times had her father said he would 'never give his daughter away to some boy'? In her mind, Eshe was quite confident they wouldn't accept Jeremy. They would deem that he is not masculine enough for her, that he is not fit to be part of the family. For someone like Eshe, who had never entered any such conflict with her family in the past, the prospect was quite harrowing...

In that moment, Eshe felt the comforting hand of her boyfriend gently land upon her shoulder. His smile seemed to radiate with genuine love and support.

“Hey, relax babe!” Jeremy spoke softly, yet confidently. “Everything is gonna go well, I promise!”

The words seemed to mellow Eshe’s hearts, sweet like honey on her tongue. Eshe wasn’t sure if the smile on her face was because she felt that his statement was so silly, or because she was so happy to have his support. Maybe a bit of both honestly. Though it was from enough comfort for Eshe to feel confident about today’s meeting, it was the best she was going to get. There was no point wasting time by dawdling about in the lobby. Eshe had made the decision to present her boyfriend to her family, and she was going to stick to it.

With Jeremy’s hand still clenched tightly in her grasp, Eshe took another deep breath and began to walk deeper into the home. Jeremy didn’t even let out a single peep as he found himself being pulled along by Eshe, his smile as vacant and innocent as usual. The normally few feet walk from the entrance hall to the dining room felt like an eternity to poor Eshe. It was times like these where the extravagance of her life situation really set in. Jeremy came from a relatively lower-middle class family, he had just enough to come by as he struggled to even pay rent in their shared apartment, an apartment that was at least five times smaller than Eshe’s parent’s house.

What sort of thoughts would he have around the disparity in their wealth? How would he feel, knowing that he and Eshe came from such different backgrounds? Many a times, Eshe found it quite difficult to read Jeremy’s true feelings. His pure nature and sincerity seemed so strong, it was almost artificial. Did he really, genuinely have no such negative thoughts? Was he truly so wholeheartedly accepting that he would be alright with anything? Or was he forcing himself to put up a façade, perhaps even hiding some unknown jealousy or angst?

Before Eshe could truly lose herself in any of these hopeless, anxious thoughts, she and Jeremy were already stepping into the lion’s den that was the dining room. A myriad of beautiful paintings and tapestries covered the walls of the beautiful dining room, which stretched so far in length it was about the same size as Jeremy’s whole apartment. Several fake plants and ethnic statues laid scattered atop tables and around corners throughout the whole room, giving it a very authentic yet rich appearance. In the middle of the room, a huge golden candelabra centered around a large, sparkling marble table that shimmered brightly with a set of intricate, twisting patterns. It was the sort of room that truly made it clear how well off the Ayele family truly was.

And sitting around such an extravagant table were various members of Eshe’s family, ready to see her boyfriend for the first time. Eshe’s father, Jiraa, sat on the right side of the table, his arms crossed and his eyes stuck to Jeremy. He had been the one who’d let Eshe and

Jeremy into the house in the first place, and from that moment Eshe knew things were off to a bad start. There were few times Eshe had seen her father as upset as he looked right now. Usually, he was a pretty relaxed guy, quick to throw jokes and more than happy to chat up anyone who crossed his path. But the instant he'd first laid eyes on Jeremy, his face had turned into a permanent, glaring scowl.

To left side of the table sat Shani, Eshe's more American cousin, who would not stop insisting about going to this meeting the moment she heard about it from Eshe. Shani was also pretty chill in most aspects, having grown much more accustomed to American culture than the rest of Eshe's family. That being said, she was perhaps a bit *too* chill. Shani never let an opportunity to tease and mess with Eshe go to waste, and Eshe was absolutely sure that she'd be eager to stir up some crap with her usual sass on today's very critical event. Something that Eshe wasn't looking forward to in the slightest.

As soon as Shani's gaze shifted from her phone and onto Jeremy, her eyes almost seemed to bulge from her skull. "Oh. My. God." She gasped loudly, making sure to pause after every word. Slowly, a very smug smile came across her lips. "You must be mister boyfriend!"

Like a queen slowly lifting her hand with elegance, Shani extended her hand daintily towards Jeremy. Eshe bit her lip. She was sure that Shani was doing it as some sort of intimidation tactic, knowing most men would be unsure of how exactly to greet such a beautiful woman who carried herself with finesse. Jeremy however, didn't seem to give it much mind. He awkwardly wrapped his hand around Shani's, giving it a firm yet clumsy handshake.

"Hey! Name's Jeremy." Jeremy piped up with complete absentminded innocence. "I'm Eshe's boyfriend! Eshe talks about you a lot, so it's finally nice to meet you!"

The thoroughly curt and direct response made Shani blink in confusion a couple of times. She wasn't sure if she should be impressed with Jeremy's boldness, or if he just was being very inattentive. Nevertheless, she recovered quickly, meeting his gaze with a teasing expression.

"No, no. The pleasure is aaaaaallll mine~" Shani chuckled, eyes glimmering like a leopard locked onto its prey. "Though I must say, you are a *lot* different than I had expected~"

"Heh, yeah I get that a lot!" Jeremy shared in her laugh, though his was much dorkier than Shani's. "People are often very surprised of how short I am when they meet me!"

Whether Jeremy had avoided Shani's indirect jab intentionally or unintentionally was anyone's guess. What Eshe was more than sure about was this would surely turn out to be a long, *long* night...

Face still shining with a brilliant and vacant smile, Jeremy pulled up the chair that was closest to Shani. Eshe didn't know which would be worse, if he sat next to that tease or if he sat next to the obviously aggravated figure of her father, so she simply let it be. Picking the chair between Jeremy and her father, she quickly sat down alongside her boyfriend, so that at least she could play some sort of buffer between him and the old man.

To say that the air in the dining room was tense would be a crass understatement. One side of the table was boiling with resentment, a quiet anger that only continued to simmer with every passing moment of silence. Meanwhile, the other side of the table was alight with a feeling of smug superiority, a nefarious specter of sass that seemed poised to bring this whole stack of cards of a dinner tumbling down. It was enough to really get on Eshe's nerves, making her body feel quite stiff and tense. Eshe's neck especially appeared to thicken with stress. It throbbed as the anxiety made its way through her body, bulging further and further until it took a more cylindrical shape.

"Who's ready for some dinner~"

Luckily, just before that awkwardly mortifying silence could claim more of Eshe's nerves, her mother, Amani, finally burst from the kitchen bearing the fruits of her labor. The Kenyan woman's ebony face seemed to beam with a smile as she carried a myriad of different plates in her hands. From roasted meats and vegetables, doused in a flurry of vibrantly colored sauces, to rice and flatbreads meant to fill up one's soul, it was the sort of feast meant for kings. A mere look at the hearty portions on each plate made it perfectly clear there was enough food for at least eight people, let alone four. Dressed in her usual African-styled clothes, Amani approached the table with a genuine smile and the excitement of being a good host.

"Greetings! Are you my little girl's-" The moment Amani's eyes landed on Jeremy's form, however, her whole body halted in place. It was as if she was literally doing a double take, eyes widening as comprehension left her irises. Her stop had been so abrupt, she almost dropped some of the plates she was carrying, and had to take a second to quickly readjust herself. Though even a couple of seconds after she did so, the mother still found herself without the words to express herself.

"Oh- Um- M-Might you be Eshe's boyfriend?" As soon as Amani was able to compose herself, Amani's kind, welcoming smile returned to her face. Though it was clear it was a lot less genuine than it had been before. Even her voice seemed to lack the confidence it did previously, as her gaze drifted downwards while she began to set the food across the table.

"That's right! My name is Jeremy!" Jeremy presented himself confidently, completely ignoring Amani's sudden shift in character. "Pleased to meet you ma'am!"

“Oh, y-yes!” Amani coughed awkwardly, doing her best to smile through it all as she slowly sat down on the opposite side of the table. “It is most definitely... N-Nice-! T-To meet you!”

Though the food set upon the table looked quite appetizing, hot steam drifting up from the plates to indicate their freshness, though the starchy smell of Ugali and the meaty, savory scent of the Nyama Choma tickled the underside of Eshe’s nose, Eshe had no appetite for food at this moment. Her hunger was totally nonexistent, replaced in its stead by a rumbling nervousness ever present in her stomach. Eshe’s breasts seemed to gurgle and swell along to her gasps. The round blobs pressed tightly against her top, almost as if they were thickening thanks to her increased heartbeat.

“So-! T-Tell me Jeremy!” Amani broke the ensuing silence with a tepid smile. She stretched over the table and slowly served meat, rice and kachumbari salad to each person’s plate, doing her best to maintain a friendly, welcoming face. “Have you ever had Kenyan food before?”

“Not at all, ma’am!” Jeremy responded with a loud, earnest tone. Though he had no idea what anything Amani placed on his plate was, he accepted it without question. “But I’m more than excited to try some today!”

“Goodness! You really haven’t?” Amani chuckled happily to herself, happy to hear Jeremy’s enthusiasm. “I have no idea what that daughter of mine has been doing with you then!”

Eshe, however, didn’t respond. What had been meant as a light jab, a joking comment, cut seriously deep into the already tense Eshe. Was she already judging the two’s relationship? Had they already been doomed? As Eshe looked down at the piping hot food at her plate with a forlorn expression of dread, her chest continued to throb and ache. The already dark skin of her bust seemed to grow even darker yet. Soft, supple skin became coarser, what was once soft and smooth taking on wrinkled textures. Even vaguely lighter colored veins began to propagate throughout her bust, each of which thumped harder the more stressed Eshe became.

The rest of the family soon began eating. All except for Shani, who seemed much more interested in Jeremy than in the food.

“Say, Jeremy... You seem like a very successful kinda guy.” Shani spoke in a mocking and condescending tone. “What kind of work do you do?”

“Me? I’m a freelance app developer who works from home.” Jeremy quickly responded with an innocent smile between bites of the meat, which he focused on by skipping as many vegetables as he could. “People basically contact me so I can build apps for them. Though if I have to be honest, business hasn’t been so good as of late, haha!”

Eshe could barely hold back a groan as her neck began to elongate upwards in anxiety. Sounds of skin stretching and bones crackling rippled through the room, perfectly echoing the frustration Eshe currently felt. The already girthy mass of Eshe's neck only seemed to grow thicker and fatter with every breath, slowly lifting Eshe's head up into the sky. And honestly, who could blame her for feeling so frustrated? Especially with how intent Shani appeared to be in digging up the most embarrassing aspects of her boyfriend...

"Woah... You're a tried and true nerd then, huh?" Shani chuckled to herself, her smile wider than ever before. "Although I gotta say, you look like a very handsome and fit guy. You must do some kind of exercise, right?"

"Oh, not at all actually!" Jeremy was quick to join in her laughter, completely unaware or uncaring that he was meant to be the object of ridicule. "I'm a bit of a hermit. I try not to leave the house unless I really have to! In fact, I think this might be the first time I left the house all week!"

With a loud, angered puff of breath, Eshe's huge breasts ballooned forth once more. The woman's massive tits had swelled to such an immense size now, they were only barely being covered by her dress. In fact, even her nipples became visible. If only for a single second... As Eshe's bust vibrated madly, more and more of their skin became wrinklier and rougher. Her nipples slowly began to sink into the rest of the darkened mass, losing their shape and their definition with each convulsion until they were entirely gone.

Strangest of all however, was the way her tits slowly began to gently push together, the skin around them stretching further and further. Rather than two individual breasts, it began to look like Eshe's tits were two rounded protrusions housed within a singular sack. Strings of folded skin pulled each breasts closer and closer until they were smushed against each other. The veins on her bust became more abundant and prominent, pulsating with ever increasing intensity. Eshe's breasts had grown so large and unsteady, they violently pushed away the top of her dress.

Noticing her slipping top, Eshe lifted her hands towards her chest in order to cover herself. However, as her fingers pressed against the taut, rough skin of her chest, something felt... Off...? Eshe's fingers dug deep into her bust in an exploratory manner. But instead of being met with the soft, wiggle of malleable breast mass, Eshe found the insides of her chest to be quite stiff and sturdy. Instead of moving in any sort of uniform manner, Eshe's breasts simply wiggled out of the way of her fingers, as they were swimming in a pouch with excess space. This didn't feel like a pair of titties. Rather, Eshe's chest actually resembled...

A pair of balls. Big, fat sloshy balls, far larger than her own head. Eshe shook her head with a disappointed sigh. What was she doing right now? Eshe was so stressed out, for some

reason she thought she had breasts. But the truth is she'd always had balls for a chest, a huge nutsack of man testicles for her to carry at all times. How else was she supposed to carry gallons of Jeremy's sperm safely? With this regained knowledge in hand, Eshe lowered her hands once more, completely failing to cover her exposed chesticles. After all, it's not like she was exposing her breasts. Leaving Jeremy's big ballsack out in the open should be totally fine.

In the time that Eshe had been worrying over her ball-breasts, it seems that the conversation between Shani and Jeremy had died down. Or at least Shani hadn't poached any more incriminating information from poor Jeremy. While this might have seemed like a positive at first, the lack of casual conversation led to a whole other problem. There was now an awkward silence towering over the whole room. The sounds of chewing, forks scraping plates, and food being handled did little to ease Eshe's nerves.

At least Jeremy seemed to be enjoying himself. Completely unaware of the air of awkward ambiguity surrounding him, the boy eagerly took bites of the food before him, his enjoyment apparent as he cooed happily from each forkful. Shani too looked somewhat pleased. Or rather, temporarily appeased, having extracted a good amount of embarrassment to use on her cousin Eshe. The real problem was Jiraa, who sat at the other end of the table staring daggers at Jeremy while slowly eating his food. The tense atmosphere in the room was partly or if not wholly his doing. Amani too seemed somewhat uncomfortable, though at least she seemed to be a bit more accepting towards Jeremy.

Sensing the odd vibes in the room and eager to get rid of them, Amani spoke up towards Jeremy with a warm, motherly voice. "So tell me Jeremy, how did you and my darling Eshe meet?" Her eyes beamed as she waited for the answer.

"Hmmm... That's a good question." Jeremy's fork clanked as he gently placed it back on the table. His head tilted upwards slightly, though not high enough for his eyes to be visible. It was as though the question wracked his mind, forcing him to look deep inside for the answer. "I'm pretty sure we met at one of Eshe's award ceremonies. It was a bit of a chance meeting, but we hit it off pretty well from the start!"

"Ahh, so I take it you were a fan?" Amani's smile got wider, pride swelling within her at the thought of her daughter's success.

"Nope! I hadn't heard of her before the event." Jeremy answered completely nonchalantly, taking bites of the food between his response. "But the moment I saw her I was definitely stricken by the arrow of love~"

One of Amani's eyebrows rose slightly. "Oh, so you're just a fan of running in general?"

“Haha, oh no, not at all! Honestly, I couldn’t care less about running. Except when Eshe is involved, of course.” The boy responded perhaps a bit too frankly, his soft chuckled leaving Amani’s expression in a state of pure bewilderment. “In all honesty, I’m not exactly sure what I was doing at that award ceremony... But I’m quite thankful that I was! Otherwise, I would have never met Eshe!”

As Jeremy retold the story of their first time meeting, even Eshe was feeling a bit confused. That award ceremony... Eshe remembered it clearly. That was where she met her darling Jeremy after all. But... Wasn’t that event exclusive for competitors, staff and the press? If Jeremy wasn’t interested in running and didn’t even know Eshe, then how did he end up there? Of course, it was always possible he’d been invited by a friend or a family member, or maybe he helped set up some part of the even but...

But most importantly! Jeremy’s highly suspicious answer had done nothing but actively worsen Amani’s already shaky demeanor! The mother’s previously awkward yet accepting smile had now been replaced with a look of pure confusion. Her eyes switched from Eshe to Jeremy, back and forth again and again, as if she was trying to form some connection which she just couldn’t see. Eshe couldn’t help but gulp, a long, rumbling gulp that stretched from the top of her now several foot-long neck down to its base. Her neck began to quiver, as it does in times where she feels anxious. However, unbeknownst to Eshe, her neck wasn’t just quivering, it was growing taller and girthier.

With every little breath and nervous shiver, Eshe’s neck continued to push her head upwards. The woman’s face soon reached up to the candelabra, while her neck grew so thick it occupied most of her shoulders. A huge, bulging, tube-shaped protuberance pushed against the front of her neck, serving as the girthy conduit that connected Eshe’s ball breasts to her head. At the base of her head, bundles of dark, wrinkled skin began to accumulate, forming around her thick neck like a scarf of flesh.

As Eshe’s neck grew to its maximum height just a couple feet below the ceiling, Eshe’s head began to wobble back and forth due to the incredible length of her neck. Her hands reflexively rose to touch the girthy, throbbing neck. Where a sensation of discomfort and confusion suddenly filled her. Why... Why did her neck feel so hot and thick? Why did it seem to pulse needily around her fingers, while a pleasurable sensation spread through her mind? Rather than any regular human neck, for some reason Eshe’s neck felt more like... Like a penis!

Yet as soon as the realization came to her, so did a sensation of relief. What was she thinking? Of course her neck felt like a penis! She had a neck penis! Memories of her handling and living with her neck-penis began to surface in Eshe’s mind, as if they had been

there all along. The sensations of quivering pleasure and the salty taste at the back of her head began to make complete sense. Usually, Eshe's neck wasn't this hard and unwieldy. But over the years, Eshe had learned stressful situations like these would make her tense up and stiffen.

Though she might have gotten to a pretty bad state right now, the good thing was that Eshe had also learned to manage her unwieldy neck. This much was obvious as she held her throbbing dick-neck in place, breathing softly through the heated vibrations of her shaft. As long as she managed to keep her composure and didn't let the stress get to her, then everything should turn out just-

"So Jeremy." Without any sort of warning, Eshe's father, Jiraa, spoke up in a firm, strict tone. The harshness of his words matched the harshness of his expression. "Why are you-"

"Dad! Stop!" Eshe didn't even want to let her father finish his sentence. She had a pretty good idea what he was intending to say anyways. "You can't just ask that!!!"

Rising from her seat with ever rising indignation, Eshe felt her face grow red with embarrassment while her neck-dick throbbed with more intensity. The chair flew back behind her, and her neck began to swivel back and forth from the sudden motion. Eshe did her best to grasp at the base of her quivering cock-neck in order to make it stay still. But the task seemed to prove much more difficult than she'd originally anticipated. Eshe was feeling so overwhelmed at this moment in time, her cock neck was literally out of control. While she could stop the swaying, nothing could stop the endless throbbing of her neck, as her head swung back and forth with every little twitch.

The moment of awkward silence that followed didn't help either. All eyes on the table were directed at her now, save for Jeremy who was still innocently enjoying the food. The sight of Amani, Jiraa and Shani all looking up at her while she throbbed was enough to leave Eshe out of breath. The back of her throat felt tangy and salty, her ball breasts seemed to swell and gurgle, growing larger as the tension spread through Eshe's body. Even the smallest of veins on Eshe's shaft was thumping, as Eshe's neck-cock was pumped with more and more blood. It was all just too much to handle!

"E-E-Excuse me, I-I'm going to the bathroom!" Eshe barely managed to mutter out, before darting away from the living room in embarrassment.

Ducking past archways, Eshe ran through the family home as fast as she could with her large, lumbering, erect dick-neck. It wasn't the easiest of jobs, mainly due to how clumsy it felt to move with her extended, stiff dick-neck. But it was apparent that Eshe was a runner at heart, for she made it seem effortless, ducking past obstacles at the top of the ceiling like she knew exactly where they were. By the time she got to the bathroom on the other

side of the house, Eshe stopped, hand gripping the doorknob as she pressed her cock-neck against the wall in frustration. Part of it was the fact that the door to the bathroom was much too small for her to fit through in her current erect state. Though the truth is she didn't really need to go to the bathroom at all. All the frustration just gotten Eshe to a point where she couldn't handle it anymore.

Closing her eyes, Eshe took a couple of measured, rhythmic deep breaths. She could feel her neck throbbing imperatively, her chest heaving and pulsating from the intense emotions that were rocking through her mind. It felt like she was close to exploding at any moment, the way her shaft twitched against the cold wall again and again. Luckily for Eshe, she had gotten pretty good at managing her condition. It was the same thing she did to relax before a race, deep breaths and meditation to keep herself calm and collected.

"Eshe! Oh, my baby girl..." Slowly flicking her eyes open, Eshe could see her mother Amani approaching. It was clear from her dour expression that Amani was truly worried for her daughter. Enough so that it made Eshe's heart twinge with guilt. "What's the matter, honey? You're not acting like yourself."

"Mama..." Eshe sighed, feeling her huge ball-breast bounce along to her motions. "I'm sorry... I just... This is the first time I've had a lover. And I wanted to make sure to leave a good impression, so that you and dad could accept him... But it's all turned into a big mess..."

"Oh, honey..." Slowly, a gentle, understanding smile began to spread on Amani's face. She stepped closer to Eshe, clasping her daughter's hands in her grasp. "I know I've been very strict when it comes to your academic and athletic pursuits. But we would NEVER judge you for whoever you fell in love with." Amani chuckled tenderly. "He might not be Tiger Woods, but... At least he's a man! Honestly, you've shown so little interest in men, your father and I were starting to worry you were... You know..."

"Mom!!" Eshe playfully nudged her mother's shoulder, her previously saddened expressions starting to light up.

"I joke, I joke!" Amani continued, her tone just as smooth and motherly as ever. "Even that would be fine. The most important thing for your father and I is that whoever you're with makes you happy. Anything else we can deal with."

The sappy love-filled nature of her mother's words was enough to settle much of Eshe's doubts. As her smile grew ever wider, Eshe let out a sigh of relief. "Thanks mom, I think I needed to hear that..."

“No problem darling! You shouldn’t be so stiff around your parents, you know?” Amani let out yet another chuckle. “Your neck looks quite pent up too. How about you let mommy give you a massage to relax you?”

“A massage?” One of Eshe’s eyebrows slowly rose in confusion. That was odd, Eshe couldn’t remember the last time her mother had offered to give her a massage...

Unfortunately, before Eshe could even question it, her mother’s soft, slender, feminine hands tightly wrapped around the base of her throbbing neck. An unintended gasp escaped from Eshe’s dark lips, one which caused the entirety of her veiny neck to reverberate and tremble with bliss. In a matter of seconds, all of the intense palpitations that Eshe had worked so hard to relieve came back with a bang. Tingling pleasure spread from the spots where Amani’s fingers met Eshe’s sensitive neck, sending bolts of pleasure through the entirety of her girthy shaft-neck and straight into her brain.

“U-U-Uhh! M-M-Mom!??!” Eshe piped up with a panicked tone, anxiety spreading through her system as the pleasure of her cock-neck began to climb. “W-Wait! W-What are you-?!?”

“Oh, relax Eshe!” Amani waved off Eshe’s concern with a smile. Though she gripped Eshe’s cock-neck tightly, her expression was genuinely innocent and happy, as if she saw nothing wrong with her actions in the slightest. “You know a mom can always tell when her daughter is all pent up. Plus, it wouldn’t be the first time that I’ve given you a *special* massage to help you relieve some stress~”

As soon as those words came from Amani’s mouth, the woman’s hand began to gently but firmly shift up and down the girthy base of Eshe’s cock-neck. Poor Eshe didn’t even have any time to react to her mother’s statement when the pleasure and ecstasy of Amani’s ‘massage’ began to make its way through her trembling cock-neck. Each pump of her hands made Eshe’s titanic veiny shaft-neck tip back and forth with excitement. A virulent heat started to permeate throughout every inch of her titanic length, causing an endless twitching that thumped into the depths of Eshe’s human head. Even Eshe’s ball-tits seemed to come alive with energy, as they gurgled loudly in response to the growing pleasure in her shaft.

While Eshe might have been overwhelmed and overstimulated previously, those feelings were nothing compared to pleasure that was currently building within her from Amani’s hands. The thick veins that decorated Eshe’s length thumped with increasing intensity, hardening the already stiff member to unyielding erectness. Eshe’s saliva became more viscous and saltier, as the liquid started to build up at the back of her throat. The more Amani rubbed her, the better Eshe’s cock-neck felt. It was like she was scratching an itch Eshe never knew she had, delivering a sensation of satisfaction far more powerful than

anything Eshe had felt in the past. Far from the usual anxiety and stress that made her neck go hard, Eshe was filled with a feeling of yearning, a desire for more. Amani was taking Eshe to a realm of experience she had not yet arrived at before.

Not that this did much to alleviate Eshe's concerns, mind you. Through all the pleasure, a part of Eshe felt that there was still something quite wrong with this situation. She couldn't place a finger exactly onto what, but she knew this wasn't normal, and that in fact it was actually bad. The lightning bolts of pleasure that shot from the base of her shaft up to the tip of her head felt too good to be true. The way her balls gurgled eagerly and her cock-neck twitched back and forth with excitement, it was all way too addicting and enticing to be acceptable. Eshe had the feeling that if she gave in... Then things would never go back to the way they used to be. Whatever that meant. So regardless of how good it felt, Eshe did her best to maintain her composure in the face of Amani's assault.

Noticing her daughter's resistance, however, the ever-dutiful mother that was Amani only began to work harder to bring Eshe some well needed relief. Amani's hands began to move up and down faster and faster. The woman slowly inched closer to her daughter, causing her soft, womanly breasts to squish gently against Eshe's saggy, solid ball-tits. Getting onto her tippy toes, Amani's eyes peacefully flicked close as she began to kiss and lick at the base of Eshe's cock-neck. The loud, twitching reverberations of Eshe's neck could be heard as Amani's plump, darkened lips pressed against Eshe's member. Amani's tongue slithered out of her mouth, tickling at the quivering mast and suckling on its strong, tangy flavor. The way Amani so expertly tugged and sucked at Eshe's cock-neck truly made it seem like she had experience doing this sort of thing.

It was all more than enough to make Eshe's resistance completely crumble away into dust. Eyes rolling to the back of her head, Eshe let out a harrowing yelp of pure arousal. As the pleasure began to reach its peak, the mere ability to form a thought was becoming difficult. All that encompassed Eshe's brain was throbbing, thumping, the endless twitching that came with being a cock. Her ball-breasts groaned loudly, as if complaining they had not been emptied yet. Around Eshe's neck, the thick bundle of foreskin that separated her head from the rest of her cock-neck began to tremble. Little by little, the foreskin began to extend upwards. It struggled to go past her chin, but once it did, the rest of Eshe's face was slowly but surely consumed. From her pert glossy lips, to her sharp nose her beautiful eyes and even up to the tip of her hair. After no more than a couple of seconds, the entirety of Eshe's head was completely swallowed by foreskin.

"Ah!" Amani's eyes sparkled as she noticed Eshe's head embroiled in a sack of saggy skin. A smug smirk slowly crept onto her face. "Where do you think you're hiding? Go on and show mommy your beautiful face~"

Giving Eshe's hard cock-neck a fierce tug, Amani quickly pulled back all of Eshe's foreskin. Except, as cock's skin slunk down and its tip was slowly revealed, there was no sign of Eshe's human head. Instead, this human-cock was tipped with...

A completely normal cockhead.

This new cockhead shimmered with a brilliant pink color. Its shape was somewhat conical, with a curved mushroom-shaped tip that drooped slightly forward. Its skin was mottled yet smoother than the rest of the cock-neck. The copious amount of foreskin clung to its back tightly, while the head throbbed silently. There were no eyes, nor ears, nor hair. Instead of a mouth, the tip of the cockhead had a long, vertical slit which was currently dripping a slick line of white precum. It was about as regular of a cockhead as you would ever find on any other human penis.

Amani's smirk grew ever wider at the sight of the glistening cock tip.

"There we go! That's my-" When suddenly, the woman stopped herself abruptly. She was about to say daughter for some reason. Which was quite weird. Amani didn't have any daughters!

"Anyways, we've been wasting enough time here." Amani spoke in an earnest tone, completely ignoring the fact her daughter's head had abruptly just disappeared. "Let's finish you up so we can go back to dinner with your owner, okay?"

Without really acknowledging the complete transformation of Eshe's head into an expressionless cockhead, Amani continued happily masturbating the huge throbbing cock that stood before her with the same dopey smile. Her breasts wobbled up and down in as her arms caressed the cock's length, pushing and bouncing against its balls in a rhythmic fashion. There was no sort of serious reaction as the scent of cock spread through the room and the sound of rubbing flesh entered her ears. The sight of a huge cock almost as big as her swinging back and forth barely registered in Amani's mind, nor did she seem very bothered when specks of precum began to land on her face and headdress. All that Amani knew is that she had to rub this precious cock in front of her to completion as soon as possible!

Unlike previously, however, the cock showed no signs of resistance or restraint. In fact, it didn't even show a single sign of consciousness. Instead, the cock stood robotically still as Amani energetically jacked it off. All of its motions were purely instinctual and automatic. The way its urethra blinked while oozing pearly white precum was nothing more than a response to stimuli. Each one of its powerful throbs were a direct reaction to the pleasure surging from Amani's motion. This huge throbbing member was merely following its biological imperative, acting in the way it had been designed to.

So as the pleasure continued to grow, the cock only began to throb with further intensity. Lust fueled blood pumped the penis with hardness, causing it to thrash forth into Amani's grasp. Its balls expanded and heaved, pressing against Amani's chest and hanging lower as they prepared for release. Physical pleasure permeated through every inch of the throbbing shaft. At least that much was obvious from the way it heaved up and down with excitement. Whether the cock itself seemed to acknowledge or know what pleasure was would be impossible to tell. All that mattered is that it was finally completed the function it had been designed to do.

*SPUUUURTTT!!!*

As the cock's urethra shot wide open, thick blast after blast of jizz began to shoot up into the air, before raining back down into the round around them. The cock's balls tightened and pulled closer to its shaft, shooting thick, fresh ejaculate to its urethra. Even the rest of the cock's body seemed to tighten, as its hands shut tightly and its arms pressed together, while it stiffly stood up as straight as could be. The way it shot thick rope after rope of cum without any inhibition, it showed no concern about dirtying itself or its surroundings. Its one purpose right now was to release all that pent up cum in its balls, a purpose it was completing happily now.

Face shining brightly with the same motherly smile, Amani finally let go of the cock's length. She took a couple of steps back, admiring her handiwork as she took in the sight of this half-human half-cock sputtering the walls, ceiling and floors of her house in soppy ejaculate. Even as a splat of jizz fell onto her face, covering one of her eyes, Amani didn't so much as flinch. The only thing she felt when looking at the enormous pulsating penis in front of her was a sensation of love and pride.

"Yup, that's the cock we know and love!" Amani grunted with a cocky smirk, folding her arms as another jet of semen splatted onto her chest.

The cock continued to cum a couple more times, its balls slowly shrinking and its shaft losing hardness with every continued splurt. After a couple of minutes, the flow of semen seemed to die down, as did its erection. The enormous black cock slowly began drooping forward, almost as if it had grown tired. Its tip continued oozing the last droplets of cum, until the softened length finally plopped down on top of its ball-tits with a satisfying *pomf*. The cock twitched a couple of times resting atop its own breasts, its balls giving one last groan while its hands returned to its side in a neutral position.

And then... It just stood robotically still.

The cock showed no signs of self-awareness, intelligence, or even any semblance of free will. Instead, it just stood there still as a statue, the only sign that it remained alive being the slight shifting of its chest and twitching of its shaft.

“See? Doesn’t it feel much better now that you’re not pent up?” Amani asked innocently.

However, there was absolutely no response from the penis. Its body stood completely still, arms and legs remaining motionless. There were a couple of twitches of its shaft, a bit of jostling from its ball-breasts. But nothing that would be considered a coherent response.

Not that this seemed to bother Amani in the slightest.

“Well, now that that’s been taken care of...” Amani cleared her throat, before turning away from the cock and back towards the dining hall. “Let’s go back to your owner so we can finish this dinner.”

This time, Amani didn’t even wait for a response. She just began walking away without even showing the penis any sort of consideration. The cock simply stood there for a couple of more seconds, totally still as Amani walked away. It didn’t react to Amani’s suggestion, nor did it react to the thick, aged woman walking away. Whether it had acknowledged either of those things was pretty much impossible to tell.

And yet, all of a sudden, with the same nonchalant fanfare as before, the cock began walking behind Amani. Its legs propelled it forward with intention, promptly following behind Amani’s tracks. Its steps weren’t fully robotic or mechanical, but they didn’t feel fully normal. In a way, they were almost cold and emotionless. As if the body was being controlled by a real living being, but not one which held independent thoughts of its own. Instead, this cock-headed creature which bore resemblance to Eshe simply meandered forward quietly, showing no trace of the original Eshe beyond her limbs and dress.

By the time Amani and the cock returned to the dining hall, the most noticeable thing was how much the mood had changed. Shani no longer seemed interested in teasing Jeremy, as she scoured over her phone with eyes wide. Meanwhile, Jiraa, who’d previously had a face that looked like it was ready to kill, was now leaning over the table looking at Jeremy with an exhilarated smile.

“No kidding! So you’ve really been to the River Ridge Golf Course?” The man spoke in a canid tone, showing much more energy than he had throughout the whole evening.

“Oh yeah! I’ve even got my own club collection!” Jeremy answered with a simple smile.

“Though I don’t go as often as I did when I was younger, hah...”

While the pair conversed, the huge softened cock slowly walked to the table. It took the seat to Jeremy's right, where Eshe had been sitting before, and quietly sat itself without interrupting the conversation. The cock didn't make a single sound as it nudged itself in. Everyone around the cock didn't seem to notice it either. Or if they did, they most certainly didn't react to the flopped over penis taking a seat. There wasn't a glance, a peek, or even the vague recognition of anything out of the ordinary. Even Amani, who had the most time with the cock, just sat at the other end of the table, face still dripping with white.

"Oh man! I don't think I've ever met a young man like yourself interested in golf! All my friends say they wanna go golf, but then they rather sit at the bar and drink than go to the field. Bahahaha!" Jiraa laughed loudly to himself, head rolling back as he failed to contain his amusement.

Turning towards the cock, Jiraa nudged the appendage in the shoulder. "Hey, E-" But before the word left his mouth, he stopped himself. The man sat up straight, looking at the cock with a sensation of déjà vu. For some reason, when looking at the penis' round ball breasts and curved, feminine body, a name came to him. Eshe. It sounded so familiar, the kind of name he used often. But right now, he couldn't remember a single person named Eshe. The weirdest part was that he was about to call the cock Eshe. Which didn't make any sense, because penises don't have names.

This was just Jeremy's cock.

"Hey, Jeremy's cock!" Once Jiraa recovered from his temporary lapse in judgement, he again nudged the penis with a teasing smile. "Why didn't ya tell me that your owner was a golf head. I woulda loved to meet him earlier!"

"Oh no! I wouldn't call myself a golf head, haha!" Jeremy retorted in a humble manner. "I just dabble a little."

"OH. MY. GOD." Shani suddenly gasped as she stared at her phone screen with amazement. Lifting her gaze towards Jeremy, she leaned in towards the boy, eyes full of wonder. "I just looked you up. You've worked with Google and Facebook on some HUGE projects! You're like... A programming genius!"

"No, no, not at all! I was just one person in a group of very talented people. If it wasn't for them, we wouldn't have gotten as far as we did." Jeremy confessed with a soft, well mannered tone, rubbing the back of his neck with a tinge of embarrassment. "Plus, I don't think I fit the company model very well. Which is why I decided to independent!"

Taking one last spoonful of the rice he'd been served, Jeremy sighed happily in satisfaction. His plates were now completely clean, leaving nothing but bones and stains. Every last

morsel of food on his plate had been eaten, from the vegetables to the meats, and he looked quite satisfied with it all.

“Thank you so much for the incredible food Miss Amani!” Jeremy patted his tummy contently, the slight smile on his face showing how much he appreciated it. “This was my first time eating Kenyan food, but I can’t believe I’ve lived all my life without it!”

Leaning towards his right, Jeremy wrapped his hands around the shoulders of his huge, ebony-skinned penis in a loving manner. The cock jostled towards him, completely unresponsive to his touch.

“And thanks for taking care of my penis too! Your hands felt soooo lovely!” The man sighed dreamily. “I was so nervous meeting all of you for the first time, I guess I couldn’t help but pop and awkward erection. I really appreciate you helping me relax!”

“Don’t you worry about anything Jeremy!” Amani waved off Jeremy’s concern with a bright, earnest smile. “We’ve known your cock for... What? More than 20 years already? It’s basically part of the family, which means you’re part of the family too! I’ve jacked it off before, you know I’m more than happy to jack it off again!”

“Yes, we both love your cock very much, Jeremy.” Jiraa added affectionately, not a hint of lust in his words. “In a way, it’s kind of like a daughter to us. Even though we’ve never had a daughter, eh wife?”

As Jiraa nudged Amani, the duo soon burst into laughter. The mere thought that the two of them could have a child together seemed to really rile them up as ridiculous. As if it was something truly inconceivable.

“Oh yes, darling. We’ve certainly thought about having kids. I think a daughter would be absolutely wonderful! But honestly, taking care of your cock has been more than enough for us.” Amani confessed honestly, wiping a tear of laughter from her eye. “I will say, it is odd that we’ve known your cock for so long, yet we’ve also only met today!”

“Hey! I also love your cock, Jeremy!” Not to be outdone by her aunt and uncle, Shani piped into the conversation with enthusiasm. “Your penis is basically like a cousin to me. We did grow up together after all! But now that I’ve met you in person, I gotta say... You’re kind of a catch, aren’t you~?”

Slowly creeping towards Jeremy, Shani placed a hand on his left leg. Jeremy shivered as he felt Shani’s slender fingers caress his thigh gently, slowly moving up and down in a teasing motion. Though he wasn’t eating anything, the man gulped loudly. He felt like his hairs were standing on ends. But most importantly of all... Jeremy’s cock, the one that sat beside him, twitched. Slowly it lurched upwards, as if it was starting to pitch an erection.

“You’re super smart, kinda cute and you have a HUGE dick~” Shani licked her lips as she looked at Jeremy, her face coming dangerously close to his. “I seriously can’t believe you’re single. Do you think you’d be interested in going out with me?”

In a matter of seconds, Jeremy’s face grew bright red with a huge blush. Though this was perhaps the smallest of reactions, at least compared to his penis, which almost instantly became fully erect. Though just a few seconds ago the cock had been satisfied and mostly soft, now Jeremy’s penis stood fully hardened, as the shaft extended from the top of its body shoulders up to the ceiling. Every one of Jeremy’s lust and desires were perfectly manifested onto the cock that sat beside him. Each one of the penis’ twitching throbs were a perfect recreation of Jeremy’s feeling. If Eshe was here, whoever such an entity might be, she would have surely been jealous that her boyfriend was being hit on. Jeremy’s penis however, felt nothing. Nothing save for the rampant desire that Jeremy himself experienced.

“O-O-Oh! W-Wow!” Jeremy swallowed hard again. His eyes drifted to Shani’s cleavage, which made his dick throb harder, before shifting onto her face. “I-I certainly wouldn’t mind. I-I’ve always had a thing f-for... A-A-A-African American w-women...”

“Wahaha! I can’t believe you actually said that!” Shani recoiled back in a fit of laughter. Jeremy’s blush only grew brighter, while precum was already dribbling from his erect dick beside him. “You really are too cute~ You know, auntie Amani has taken care of your dick plenty of times before, but...” Leaning closer to Jeremy, Shani inched forward until her lips were inches away from Jeremy’s. “I also know my way around that dick of yours~ I’ll be more than happy to give you the genuine African girl experience~”

Giving out a little groan, Jeremy began to shudder in place. His cock, on the other hand, began to pulse madly as it started to ejaculate once again. Neither Jiraa nor Amani seemed to notice or care that Jeremy’s cock was cumming all over the place, shooting out thick blasts of white jizz over the candelabra and onto the very food they were eating. Amani didn’t bat an eye as piece of meat she had currently skewered on her fork was suddenly slathered in a thick white paste. The woman eagerly placed the cum-doused food in her mouth, letting all that salty viscous flavor sear her tastebuds in a sea of creamy, watery flavor. Amani didn’t even seem to care how the taste of cum totally overpowered that of her own cooking.

The main thought that was rolling around in the woman’s head at this moment in time was how well her first meeting with Jeremy’s cock had gone!